Volume LX CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907 Number 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IN TREE-TOP LAND.

I see you, robin, on your perch
  High up amid the maple there.
    What hall of music, couch of ease,
    Not built by hands, soft-rocked by breeze,
Could earth show fairer to my search
  Than swaying hammock in the air,
      In tree-top land!
Unmindful of the hoarding strife
Which sums the sum of human life,
  Ten cherries are enough for you:
  You only ask a plum or two—
      And tree-top land.

The sunshine streams at break of day
  And through your leafy lattice weaves.
    The liquid air invites your wing—
    What wonder that you sing and sing!
Your busiest toil is busiest play;
  No envy your existence grieves,
      In tree-top land.
A prayer I breathe—an eager cry!
"O Mother Nature, ere I die,
  A day, an hour, vouchsafe to me
  Of simple, care-free liberty—
      Like tree-top land!"

JAMES H. WEST.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907 NUMBER 3

AFTER VACATION.

"We thank thee, Lord, for rest;
For starlit nights, and summer days,
For sunset skies, and Nature's ways
Whereby our souls were blest.

We praise thee, Lord, for strength;
The body's force, the spirit's health,
The mind's increase, the heart's new wealth
That crowd our rest at length.

Now give us Jesus' mind:
His insight clear, his tireless love
His humble mind, his look above,
His touch so strong and kind.

Then give us work, O Lord:
To feed thy flock, to sow thy field,
To wield thy arms, to bear faith's shield,
To teach thy living word."

—*From the Bulletin of the People's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich.*

A receiver of stolen goods in New Orleans exhibits a will which bequeaths this ill-gotten wealth to churches and charitable purposes after death as an extenuating circumstance. This is rather gruesome piety but even this belated restitution is something of a novelty.

The *Open Court* continues with unflagging promptness to speak its independent message in the interest of a rational interpretation of religious verities. Without any evident change of tone or temper, it is growing more and more theologic in its interest. Of the eleven titles in the table of contents for the September number, all of them have a direct interest to the student of religion and have significant bearing upon the problems of the soul. The editor's contribution on "Socrates as a Forerunner of Christianity" is a suggestive and typical one.

UNITY assembles its editorial forces tardily for its season's work. The Senior and assistant editors still tarry at Tower Hill. The Congress Secretary is snatching a fortnight of needed escape from the tasks which did not release him during the mid-summer weeks at Seattle. But they will all be home again by the first of October, prepared to do better work for their absence from the Lincoln Centre sanctum. The UNITY household has no secrets. Every member needs the help and co-operation of every other member. Once more it is all hands 'round! and *all together!*

The Annual Milliners' Convention has been in recent session in Chicago and the "latest style" has been exhibited in the daily papers. The president, Mme. Hunt, sounded a "note of warning" in the interest of the spinal column, which she says "was never intended to sustain such a mountain of superstruction as is coming in vogue and she believes unless women are very careful, their carriage will suffer." One of the stunning "achievements" exhibited was "a morning glory creation, which contained by actual count forty-five morning glories of variegated hue, arranged on terraces and culminating in a triumphal arch." And these are the things worn by the ladies who lead society, stimulate intellect and bow their decorated heads in devotion!

That the Standard Oil Company possesses at least the human elements of wincing in the face of public scorn and suffering from adverse judgment is evidenced by a pamphlet of thirty-two pages issued by the Directors, ostensibly "to its employers and stockholders," but obviously to the public. Its own direct defense and justification is limited to four pages. The remaining twenty-eight are made up of excerpts from the current press that seem to breathe a spirit of pity for the great concern. We regard this pamphlet as a hopeful sign. When the great monopolies will be willing to carry their cases before the court of public opinion offering such publicity to the facts in question as will enable the public to judge for themselves, the era of a better understanding between the hand that holds the money and the hand that earns it will be near at hand.

We hope that our good friend Mr. Crothers has not overreached himself in his last contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* on the "Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning." There is danger that this article will be read as an exquisite contribution to humorous literature rather than as a noble sermon in the interests of cosmopolitan breadth and cultured hospitality, but the humorist cannot fail more signally than the preachers often fail in this direction. Certainly after reading this article, the globe-trotter will have less satisfaction in his bumptious conceits and "going to Europe" will not seem in itself an adequate or even a fitting "finish" to a young man or a young woman's education. Mr. Crothers has an enviable pulpit in the First Church at Cambridge, Mass., but a still more enviable one in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. May the genial preacher persist in his benignant exposure of sham and exploitation of realty.

The meeting of the International Congress of the Liberal Religious Leaders of the world which takes place in Boston this week and we hope the simultaneous appearance of the first volume of a definitive memorial edition of Theodore Parker's work which is being published under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association at Boston makes it an auspicious time to print in this issue the first of two sermons preached by the late lamented Henry Simmons, of Minneapolis, upon this great American prophet. The sermons have been transcribed wtih loving care by his daughter, as will be seen from a foot-note. We cannot fix the exact date of these characteristic sermons but fortunately dates do not count when so skillful a seer as Henry Simmons sets himself to the task of interpreting so congenial a master as Theodore Parker. Surely here a genius interprets genius and this is the only way genius can be interpreted. Next week we will publish the second discourse in the assurance that many readers will rejoice in them.

A contributor, "Jeannette Marks," in the September *New England Magazine* undertakes a "Welsh Story" under the title of "Dreams in Jeopardy." It contains some "sure enough" Welsh words but to one to the manor born, the spelling is awkward and the idiom strained. We commend to the writer a close study of the writings of Allen Raine who is of the manor born and who does fill her stories with the delightful "local color" that is as refreshing as it is rare in English literature. This author is doing in a quiet and less conspicuous way what Hall Caine is doing for the Isle of Man, Barrie for the Scotch and Jane Barlow and many others for the Irish peasant. Her last book (for Allen Raine is a woman), entitled "Queen of the Rushes," is not only a good Welsh story but a sympathetic and effective study of religious revivals. The triumphs of Evan Lewis, the great Welsh revivalist, is sanely and sympathetically treated. The author brings to the student of this phase of religion a free and liberal mind, one that shrinks from its crude dogma and crass theology but recognizes its spiritual earnestness and ethical potency.

The recent collapse of the telephone muddle in Chicago must suggest to the economist the uncertainties of the commercial world, the unreliability of human capitalizations. After twenty months of painful and expensive toil, the "council committee" brought forward an ordinance regranting twenty years' extension to the present telephonic incumbrance. This elaborate product conceived with such academic deliberation was riddled, ridiculed, if not unmasked by the public in fewer days than it took months to create and rather than face the public indignation and the political scandal connected therewith, the committee withdrew their own favorite child from public gaze and waited for the passing of the new charter that they might throw the responsibility upon the people. The process of the disillusion concerning this ordinance is very instructive. The "last limit" fixed by the corporation so anxious to serve the public, was abandoned time after time and the "concessions," which, according to the attorney, would make it "impossible" for the company to do business, were accepted one after another rather than give up the job and then, to cap the climax, it was discovered, if the *Tribune* is to be trusted, that the National Bell Telephone Company had its fingers in the pie and that its autocracy, tyrannical everywhere, was present in the wail of the local company so anxious to serve the dear public for another twenty years. The plain English of all this is that still even in Chicago avaricious capitalists regard public utilities as legitimate fields of private exploitations and the plain English of it is that for individual capitalists to receive more than fair interest on safely invested capital at the hands of this public is extortion and commercial robbery. The people's fight for their own in regard to the street surfaces has been fought and, let us hope, won in Chicago. The fight for the subways under the streets and the air over the streets which carries the net work of wires is yet to be fought.

The first "REGISTER" of the "Pacific Unitarian School for Ministry" is before us; a modest little pamphlet of less than fifty pages. While, as our readers will well understand, we deplore the crippling title to an undogmatic school of theology, one committed to the scientific method, we heartily rejoice in the encouraging prospectus herein set forth. We believe that Prof. Wilbur and his backers have in mind something larger and more sympathetic than the word Unitarian will or can connote in popular estimation and that the word, soon or late, will be felt as a handicap because the dictionary grows and is not made. The connotation of a word cannot be fixed by any resolution, a by-law, or even legislative enactment, and the ecclesiastical connotation of the word "Unitarian" has in it an ineradicable element of protest. It is flavored with schism which, however needed and worthy, cannot represent the permanent realities of religion. But the name is a trifling element in such a movement and for the time being it may be an element of strength so far as definiteness and concreteness contribute to executive force. The interesting and encouraging feature lies in the fact that here is a high attempt to clothe religion with the fitting new draperies of the Twentieth Century, to organize the spiritual aspirations of man and the sanctities of ethics in such a way as to embody and not offend the conclusions of modern science. It is an attempt to reward and not condemn the triumphs of the scholar, the researches of the library and the laboratory. For this reason we can but believe that this venture is a prophetic and one fraught with great promise. The Pacific Coast is a great empire of itself and it must needs generate its own inspirations and organize its own resources to meet its own needs. UNITY salutes once more this Pacific school for the ministry. Let

the young men on the Coast and elsewhere who desire to devote their lives to a high calling and to secure for their nobler purposes an untraveled field of growth and labor, confer with Rev. Earl Morse Wilbur, 2739 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Calif.

However willingly the United States officials and the "peaceful public" would forget the Filipinos and all their troubles, like Hamlet's ghost they will not down. Hon. James H. Blount, who was an officer in the United States Volunteer Army in the Philippines from 1898 to 1901, and who was judge of a local court among the Filipinos from 1901 to 1905, published an article in the North American Review of June last, entitled "Philippine's Independence; Why?" which article is now in pamphlet form and distributed by the Anti-Imperialist League, 20 Central street, Boston. It is a frank discussion of a painful subject. The most painful feature in this discussion is that spite of all the kindly wishes and well meaning promises of the administration, the United States has still maintained the cut throat tariff which is surely reducing the native industry into bankruptcy and the citizens of the Philippine Islands into beggary. We do not see how the friends of the administration, much more the friends of republicanism and the believers in the human brotherhood can escape the logic which Mr. Blount has set forth in the appended paragraph which we clip from a pamphlet which ought to be sought, read and studied by every voter in the United States:

"The Congress of the United States has invariably turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the administration concerning the extreme economical distress to which the Filipinos have been reduced by the Dingley tariff. Time and again the several Governors-General, the Secretary of War and the President have urged that the tariff on Philippine sugar and tobacco imported into the United States should be reduced to 25 per cent of the Dingley tariff, and as often have the measures introduced for that benevolent purpose been killed or died in committee room at Washington. Why? Because the Philippines are not a state of the American union and never will be —and ought not to be—and therefore have not, and never will have, representatives in Congress, as have all other people living under the protection of the American flag and all other interests affected by the legislation of the American Congress. So long as we retain them they will continue to suffer in one way or another from taxation without representation, or from the enactment or defeat of laws of one sort or another at the instance of special interests at home. If the administration of President Roosevelt, with all its unprecedented strength with the people, cannot get through Congress tariff legislation opening to Philippine planters of sugar cane and tobacco an avenue of escape from the financial drought which at present afflicts them, is it not the duty of his great war secretary to cease to block the way of Philippine independence?"

The New Volume

The months fly so rapidly and events and incidents so preoccupy the editorial mind that the beginning of a new volume came and went unnoticed.

With the first of September we began a volume which will end with our thirtieth anniversary. Rather than confess our tardiness, we meant to let it go unnoticed but we stumbled on an old book mark in a too much neglected volume and were startled by coming upon ourselves eighteen years ago. This is the way we said it then on the back of subscription blanks. This was four years before the Parliament of Religions. It goes without the saying that the fifteen hundred new subscribers did not come; the increase in capacity was made and we believe the reduction of price was made for a time. The National Unity Club Bureau is a thing of the past and the Postoffice Mission has long since forgot its foster mother and our "suspicions of sectarian tendencies" have brought us hours of trouble as well as joy?

We reproduce our printed word of eighteen years ago as our introduction to the sixtieth volume of UNITY:

With the first of March, 1889, this paper enters upon its eleventh year in an enlarged form, so that it can print each week a sermon representative of its message and mission, and at the same time it hopes by an addition to its present list of 1,500 new subscribers to reduce the price to a dollar, *i. e.*, to increase the capacity 25 per cent and reduce the price 33⅓ per cent. UNITY is the organ of the National Unity Club Bureau; it has fostered and to a large extent shaped the postoffice mission work; it believes in and works for people's churches and inclusive religion. It is suspicious of sectarian tendencies and dogmatic exclusiveness. It believes that religion should be friendly to science, and that it is indebted to its triumphs. It seeks to make religion a part of and essential to all human helpings. It would make Rationalism reverent and Reverence rational. It is in search of the unities of universal religion that reaches from the Catholic Church to the Ethical Culture Society, that includes the perennial elements in Christendom, Judaism and all other forms and names that have purified, sweetened and ennobled life.

The Country Faith

Here in the country's heart
  Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
  As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
  And the bell at morn
Floats with the thought of God
  O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
  And the crops grow tall—
This is the country faith,
  And the best of all!

—*Norman Gale.*

Home

Shelter thrice sweet for those who claim its care—
  Its pains and blessings share;
For friend and kinsman, aye a fireside chair.

Bread for dear lips—the lips we love the best;
  And for the unsought guest,
Or low or high, a portion with the rest.

Light for the close-drawn circle—cheerful light;
  And, glimpsed through curtains white,
A beam for those that traverse the dark night.

Love for the hearts that none can tempt to roam—
  And showered on all who come,
Love's overflow of solace: Such is Home.

DORA READ GOODALE.

Autumn Crocus

This flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,
Reserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves,
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves,
When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,
One after one submitting to their doom.

—*Wordsworth.*

Our Tower Hill Letter

VII.

On the first Sunday in September the conductor of the Hill became, for the time and occasion, a circuit rider, with two preaching engagements, one in the Union church in Bear Valley in the afternoon, the other at a Union meeting in the Methodist church of Spring Green in the evening. Most of the population of Tower Hill, glad of any excuse for a drive, accompanied their preacher. The weather had been threatening, but at sunrise the mists began to roll up from the valleys, leaving a blue sky flecked with summer clouds. Soon after eight o'clock the procession was in motion with the circuit rider in the lead, followed by his peregrinating congregation in buckboard, canopy top and buggy. The road led through Spring Green, down the broad Wisconsin valley, past Point Judith, here a sheer perpendicular rock, a bold, substantial, practical fact in the landscape, which, seen from Tower Hill, twelve miles away, is but a bit of blue nothingness on the far horizon,

"The airy fabrication of a dream,"

on through Bear Creek Valley with its prosperous farms, its comfortable houses and the hospitable lawn where the proverbial minister's chicken dinner, with all the modern embellishments, awaited the caravan on the lawn. Three miles farther on was the church where the circuit rider addressed a good congregation. The return road wound on into the narrower valley of Little Bear Creek, where the nearness of the wooded hills gave a wilder and more picturesque outlook, full of woodland surprises; stopping on the way at another beautiful farm dooryard of a UNITY reader, where the neighbors had provided another picnic. We reached Spring Green just in time for the evening service. The circuit rider found a crowded house where he pleaded for temperance, temperance legislation and temperance education in the story-sermon on "A Night in a Saloon," based on actual experience in one of his Wisconsin rides. It was a tired but happy party which reached home at 9:30 for late bedtime on Tower Hill.

The following Wednesday morning the circuit rider headed another caravan nearly as large for another fifty mile drive, this time without a sermon objective. The first halting place after Spring Green was at Wilson's Creek, where we visited a thriving young ginseng plantation, each stalk bearing its three leaves, and each leaf parted into its five leaflets, the eldest plants, now four years old, bearing their crown of red and green berries which, we were told, would sell for thirty-five dollars per pound. We were shown one of the man-shaped roots, so greatly in demand with our Chinese population, and said to be worth from fifty cents to a dollar apiece. What its real virtues are in the catalogue of simples let the physician tell, but from time immemorial the wise men of China have ascribed to it little less than miraculous powers. To the Chinese it was and is the elixir of youth, the root of immortality. Neltje Blanchan, in "Nature's Garden," tells us that the American trade in this root began with the Jesuit missionaries, who exported it to China, selling it for its weight in gold. From the number and quality of the questions asked of our guide, the courteous young farmer, one might surmise that each member was out on a private quest for a new investment of time and money, but only one of the number was bold enough to announce her immediate intentions of setting out on the ginseng road to wealth and liberty.

But this drive had another object, that of inspecting the Honey Creek schoolhouse, which this year carried off the twenty-five dollar book-prize offered by Tower Hill through the medium of the Spring Green Fair to the district schoolhouse and yard showing the greatest improvement during the year. The pleasantly tinted walls and ceiling, the adequate blackboards, the tidy wire fence, trim woodshed and outhouses, and the efficiency of the new ventilating system made good the claim, and the circuit rider, in his secular capacity of general promoter of rural progress and improvement, was satisfied with the award.

Summer was rapidly turning to autumn. The last stacks of rye and barley were turning brown in the fields as they waited for the thresher. The roadsides were rich with golden-rod and asters. The blue lobelia, the purple Joe Pye weed, the stately iron-weed and the blazing-star, each commanded our admiration by turns, and now and then a vivid cardinal flamed out from the deeper shadows. It was left to the circuit rider himself to capture the prize of the trip, a superb fringed gentian, the stalk bearing thirty-one blossoms and buds,

"Blue, blue as if heaven let fall
A piece of its cerulean wall."

Blackberry hedges yielded fruit so abundantly that the travelers were able in a few minutes to pick enough of the black, luscious berries for tea, for dinner and supper were carried in hampers and eaten camp fashion, and the gypsy instinct is ever on the alert for roadside dainties.

To the circuit rider, the road for many miles beyond Spring Green was fragrant with pioneer and boyhood memories. We stopped a moment to take a snap shot of the schoolhouse where great spelling matches were held, and the embryo circuit rider rose to the occasion, as he has been doing ever since. Again we sacrificed a film to the farmhouse standing in the grounds where he made his first appearance as an orator. It was on a Fourth of July when, from the top of a barrel, he read the Declaration of Independence.

Familiar names were painted on the mail boxes by the roadside, but of the old familiar faces but few were left to greet the traveler who was often heard repeating half to himself these lines of the German poet Uhland:

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly,
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

Sunday, September 8, the conductor of the Hill preached again at Spring Green, this time in the Congregational church. The subject was the "Book of Memory," and perhaps the sermon was a little tenderer for the old associations revived and the old memories awakened by the pioneer celebrations and the drives among old haunts. Be that as it may, we cannot but hope that in the frequent interchange of pulpits and crossing of creedal lines in this vicinity during the past summer, the cause of fellowship has been aided and the cause of true religion strengthened.

This week the Tower Hill encampment nearly reaches its minimum in numbers. This morning we were all able to sit down together around one good sized family table and the frosty air and patches of flaming sumac here and there on the hillsides admonish us that summer is over and that next week we must break camp and return to the dusty ways of city life. May the quiet of the hills and the peace of the river bear fruit in hearts and heads made ready and steady for whatever the year may bring.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, September 12, 1907.

THE PULPIT

Theodore Parker

I.

A SERMON BY REV. HENRY M. SIMMONS, LATE PASTOR OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. TRANSCRIBED FROM HIS NOTES BY HIS DAUGHTER.*

Mr. Chadwick's new life of Theodore Parker has led me to take that subject this morning. The new book, however, does not add much to the previous rich lives by Weiss and Frothingham, and Mr. Chadwick himself says the chief excuse for it was that a smaller and cheaper life was needed, and he would gladly sink it, if thereby Frothingham's could renew its course. I shall draw my material from them all, speaking of no book, but of Theodore Parker himself.

He was born in 1810, in Massachusetts, in an old farm house not far from the historic village of Lexington. That farm had then for just one hundred years been worked by his forefathers of the Parker name, worthy and respected men. One of them, indeed, his grandfather, had been the leader of that movement which made Lexington historic, captain of that company which faced the British soldiers there in the first fight of the Revolutionary war. The most impressive thing I saw at Lexington was the great boulder on the green, inscribed with the order which this Captain John Parker there gave to his minutemen that early April morning: "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have war, let it begin here." His monument also stands near by, his statue is about to be raised over the fountain on the Green; while his old fire-arm, together with another which he captured from a British soldier, the first captured in the Revolutionary war, are now preserved in the Boston state-house, after having hung in Theodore's study. Doubtless Theodore was influenced by those arms and by the memory of this brave grandfather, who drew up his little company against fifteen fold their number, some fifty against eight hundred, and held them there until seven or eight had fallen. This lesson of bravery against numbers was indeed taught in the very motto of those Parker families, "always dare," "semper aude," and was seen also in Theodore's father, who dared to be a federalist when there were only four others in the whole town. It takes us too to what I should call the central principle of Theodore's own life, a fearless fidelity to what was thought right, *ready* to stand in the small *minority* and to face whatever numbers may oppose it.

This lesson was faithfully taught him through his boyhood by his good parents, both of whom made fidelity to conscience their very *religion,* the father in a manly, moral way, the mother with a tenderer and more pious feeling, seeing God in everything, seen in the well known story of her telling the boy that the feeling which had moved him to stay his hand from striking the turtle, was the voice of God in his heart, and that this voice in conscience must always be obeyed at whatever cost. The father too, with his busy life of both farmer and general mechanic, trained the boy in most industrious habits, and Theodore says that when young he sometimes, though not often, worked on that farm twenty hours out of twenty-four for several days together.

But amid this manual labor the promise of a scholar was early developed. The father had been a devoted reader and student, as far as his labors allowed, but the son surpassed him. Summer noons and winter evenings he was always reading,—read everything he found, and remembered most of it. For he was gifted with a *marvelous* memory,—would learn the hymn while the minister was reading it, and says that he could at ten years old sometimes repeat a poem of five hundred lines after a single reading. He began his Latin at ten, and Greek at eleven, and the next year, at twelve, picked whortleberries and carried them all the way to Boston to get money for a Latin dictionary, the first volume of that large and rare collection which was to become the richest private library there in its time, and afterward to be bequeathed to Boston. Of the part of education that comes from schools he had little, consisting mainly of attendance in a district school two summer and ten winter terms of three months each. At the age of sixteen, he went one quarter to the Lexington academy, at the expense of four dollars, money which he saved by denying himself the dancing lessons which his companions took,—for, says Frothingham, between the culture of the two extremities, Theodore chose that of the head. This was about all the schooling he had, aside from his subsequent two years of professional training. At seventeen, he began to teach district school winter terms, to get money for his loved books, while still working on his father's farm in the summer. At the age of nineteen, after a day's absence, he came home at night with the announcement that he had walked to Cambridge that day, been examined and entered Harvard College. "But, Theodore, I can not afford it," said his father. "It shall cost you nothing," answered Theodore. "I will stay at home, and keep up with my class." And so he did, mastering all the studies of the course and more; completing them in less than the usual time, and going to Cambridge only for examinations. As, however, he could not pay his tuition fees, he did not obtain the regular degree, until some years afterward, when the Harvard Alumni thought it for their own honor to welcome to their ranks the scholar who was so fast distancing most, if not all, of them.

In his twenty-first year his wages for teaching had risen as high as fifteen dollars a month and board, out of which, however, he paid eleven dollars a month for the substitute which he felt bound to keep in his place on his father's farm until he should be of age. Then he went to Watertown and started a private school of his own, which he kept for two years, beginning with two pupils, one of these for charity, but ending with fifty-four. Through these years he worked hard as ever, not only teaching, but attending to the schoolroom, sawing and splitting the wood, reading many hours every day, walking through the country, which he always loved, studying botany, going over to Charlestown every week to study Hebrew with a Jew, reading Latin and Greek authors by the dozen, and the German poets, studying metaphysics, and finding time besides to write a history of the Jews for his Sunday school class. No wonder his landlady always found his lamp empty in the morning.

From Watertown he went to the Divinity School at Cambridge for two years, since he had now decided that preaching should be his life work. Among the students there at the time was C. A. Bartol, who has just died in Boston, and who has left a picture of Parker in the Divinity School. "I remember him," says Dr. Bartol, "his exuberant life, and an honesty

* This sermon is copied from a manuscript, written in a peculiar, abbreviated system, which my father originated, for his own use. Any errors or inelegances are due to blunders in my reading of the same.—ECHO SIMMONS.

that knew not how to lie; the ruddy face, firm and eager grasp, the manner, nothing if not natural; the smile, frank as spring and sweet as summer, or ready to curl with biting scorn; no maiden's blushing cheek more ingenuously modest, no graduate's tongue from the college more ingenuously acute. I remember him in the theological debates, sitting still in his seat, and tying noiseless knots in his handkerchief, every one of which, he told me, meant some argument for which he had a reply."

"At the Divinity School," says one of his schoolmates, we all looked upon him as a *prodigious athlete* in his studies. He made daily acquaintance with books which were sealed to many old Biblical scholars, and to us youngsters of the school, were scarcely known by name. He would dive into the college library, and fish up huge old tomes in Latin and Greek, carry them to his room, and go into them as a boarding school girl into a novel." For Parker had a marvelous facility in learning languages, so that he came at length to read in dozens of them, and was ever talking up some new one, a friend one day finding him busy with the grammar of the Upongwe dialect of Africa.

After the Divinity School he spent nearly a year preaching in various places, as candidate or otherwise, and received various calls, of which he finally accepted that to West Roxbury, then a quiet country place, with a small society of plain people, offering him six hundred dollars a year, but near Boston and thus furnishing him the opportunities for study which he desired. So, having been ordained, and having married Lydia Cabot, he settled down to his church work in Roxbury, in 1837, and at the age of twenty-seven.

He was of course a Unitarian, having been reared as such by his parents; but he already differed considerably from most of that name. For by far the most of the Unitarians then still held with the orthodox that the chief, if not the only Divine revelation, came to man through the Bible. They rejected various orthodox doctrines, that of the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the vicarious attonement, human depravity and eternal punishment; but they still believed in the substantial infallibility of the New Testament, at least in its stories of miracles, and in the supernatural origin of Christ. They disagreed with the orthodox in their *interpretation* of the new Testament, but agreed with them that the Testament was a peculiar and supernatural revelation, and that the Bible was the only genuine word of God. But already the idea was spreading that it was not, but that the human reason or soul was itself an agent of Divine revelation and that its utterances and intuitions were word of God as much as the Bible and were even a higher authority for us than were the words of any ancient book. This indeed had long been taught in various forms by leading thinkers of Germany (Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Richter, Goethe, Schiller, Schleiermacher, Herder); it had been preached in England by Coleridge and Carl; it had been already proclaimed in this country by a growing number whose highest representative was Emerson. It had been preached in one degree or another in various Unitarian pulpits, chiefly by Channing, whose *leading* doctrine was the Divinity in the human soul, though Channing did not develop this doctrine to its conclusions so far as was afterward done. This transcendentalism was indeed held privately by many Unitarian ministers, who, however, did not propose to preach it from their pulpits while it was unpopular.

But Theodore Parker was not a man of that kind. He welcomed the new thought, not only through his wide German studies, but through the natural working of his own mind, since indeed it was the farther unfolding of his mother's teaching that conscience was the Divine voice in the soul. He saw how much larger and more humane religious thoughts of both man and God it led to; and thus seeing, he was the last man to shrink from preaching it. Soon after settling in Roxbury we find him writing to a friend that he was preaching abundant heresies, nay preaching the worst of all things, "*Transcendentalism,* the grand heresy itself, men's faces looking like fires new stirred thereat." The very next year after he went to Roxbury came Emerson's great Divinity School address at Cambridge, proclaiming so boldly and yet so beautifully that transcendental thought of God in the human soul, calling men away from old names and stories and scriptures, to the eternal religion of nature and life. Parker, of course, heard Emerson's address and was greatly stirred by it. Writing July 15, 1838, he said: "Proceeded to Cambridge to hear the valedictory sermon by Mr. Emerson. In this he surpassed *himself* as much as he surpasses others in the general way. I shall give no abstracts. So beautiful, so just, so true and terribly sublime was his picture of the faults of the church in its present position my soul was roused, and this week I shall write the long-meditated sermon on the state of the church and the duties of the times."

Deeper and deeper from month to month grew his dissatisfaction with the state of the Church and with its thoughts about an unnatural Christ and formal religion. The next year, 1839, though calling Christ "one of the greatest souls born into the world," open to inspiration "more perfectly than any other man" and having "the divinest revelation," he yet considered this Christ quite *natural,* and said: "The Christ of *tradition* I shall preach down, one of these days, to the extent of my *ability.* I will not believe some of the miracles and sayings reported of him." The next year, 1840, we find him bemoaning the state of the church, "when Christianity nods over her Bible and sleeps in her pew of a Sunday, while she makes *slaves* or keeps them, and strives to render the rich richer and the poor poorer all the week." He wants "to make men more moral and more religious," rather than devoted to church doctrines and sacraments; and in his journal he writes: "The Lord's Supper I do not *like,* as it is now administered. It is a *heathenish* rite and means very little, I think. Let all who will, come into a parlor and have a social religious meeting; eat bread and wine, if you like, or curd and cream and baked apples, if you will; and have a conversation, free and cheerful, on moral questions, or simply personal good feelings and prayers. Only let all be rational and real." The next year, 1841, we again hear him affirming the supreme excellence but the naturalness of Christ. Says he: "Jesus' life was higher, I presume, than anyone has *ever described it.* . . . But the miracles that contradict the natural law, such as the transubstantiation of bread, water, etc., the sending the devil into the swine, the resurrection of dead men, the resurrection of Jesus himself—all these have nothing to do with Christianity."

About that same time, May 19, 1841, these thoughts found public and fuller expression in that ordination sermon in South Boston, the most famous sermon of his life, and combining with Channing's at Jared Spark's ordination, and Emerson's Divinity School address, to make the three most famous in the history of liberal thought in America. It was entitled "The

Transient and Permanent in Christianity," and drew the distinction between the eternal spirit and the changing forms of religion. It treated Church rituals and creeds as but the temporary clothes of religion, but it declared that Jesus' teachings "can no more perish than the stars be wiped out of the sky," and that even the name Christianity will endure—"given in mockery, it will last till the world go down." But he treated Christianity as *natural,* needing no miracle stories, solidly based on its own intrinsic excellence, so truly Divine as hardly to need the New Testament or any Scripture in its support, and, said Parker, "if it could be proved that Jesus of Nazareth had *never lived,* still Christianity would stand firm and fear no evil." Mr. Chadwick calls this sentence probably the most offensive one in the sermon, and yet, in the progress of thought, the time came when, he says, Henry Ward Beecher could repeat substantially the same thing to his Brooklyn audience and "not one incredulous eyebrow stir."

But they did stir most actively in 1841, even Unitarian eyebrows. Perhaps the reception of the sermon is best told in Mr. Parker's own words. Said he: "The Trinitarian ministers who were present joined in a public protest; a great outcry was raised against the sermon and its author. Theological and *commercial* newspapers rang with animadversions against its wickedness. 'Unbeliever,' 'infidel,' 'atheist,' were the titles bestowed on me by my brothers in the Christian ministry. A venerable minister, who heard the report in an adjoining county, printed a letter in one of the most widely circulated journals of New England, calling on the Attorney General to prosecute, the grand jury to indict, and the judge to sentence me to three years' confinement in the state's prison for blasphemy. I printed the sermon, but no bookseller in Boston would put his name to the title page." The Swedenborgians finally lent their name for the purpose and it was published, only to be "vehemently denounced. Most of my clerical friends fell off; some refused to take me by the hand and would not speak to me in the street; in their public meetings they left the sofas and benches when I sat down, and withdrew from me as Jews from contact with a leper. In a few months most of my former ministerial coadjutors forsook me, and there were only six who would allow me to enter their pulpits. The controlling men of the denomination determined, 'This young man must be silenced!' The Unitarian periodicals were shut against me and my friends; the public must not read what I wrote. Attempts were secretly made to alienate my little congregation, and expel me from my obscure station at West Roxbury."

For Parker quickly found that Unitarians were not so liberal as was supposed they had been, and he says that "at ordinations for some years their councils had ceased to inquire into the special opinions of the candidate, leaving him and the society electing to settle that matter." The same freedom had been given him at his ordination, no one catechising him. But now, in less than five years, he found that if allowed the freedom, he would at least lose the fellowship. Writing in June, 1842, he says: "The experience of the last twelve months shows me what I am to expect for the next twelve years. I have no fellowship from the other clergy. No one that helped in my ordination will now exchange ministerial courtesies with me. Only one or two of the Boston Association, and perhaps one or two outside it, will have any ministerial intercourse with me. I must confess that I am *disappointed* in the ministers, the *Unitarian* ministers. I once thought them noble; that they would be true to an ideal principle of *right.* I find that no body of men was ever more completely *sold* to the sense of *expediency.*" So Parker wrote that summer of 1842. And even Channing, who died that fall, had noticed this timid, reactionary movement of the denomination, and lamented the growth of what he called a "Unitarian *orthodoxy,*" and, as Channing expressed it, "a *swollen* way of talking about Jesus."

But Parker was not to be frightened by any opposition, however great. As he said in the letter that year, "If driven from the pulpit I will go about and preach and lecture, in city and glen, by the roadside and fieldside, and wherever men and women can be found. I will go eastward and westward, and northward and southward, and make the land *ring;* and if this New England theology, that cramps the intellect and palsies the soul, does not come to the ground, then it shall be because it has more truth in it than I have ever found. I am perfectly free of two things, fear and ambition. What I have seen to be false I will proclaim a lie on the housetop; and just as God reveals truth I will declare his word, come what may come. It grieves me to the very soul to think of leaving the ministry and this little parish; but if *duty* commands, who am *I* to resist?"

But he did not have to leave his parish. His people stood by him, for they loved him, and had found that he could be *depended* upon; as one of them said, he did not know about the theology, but he could trust Theodore Parker. Or as Mr. Chadwick says, Parker was not going to be deserted by those plain men with whom he had mingled in their homes and shops and barns, or by those women "whose children he had kissed with *human,* not parochial affection." He was not even driven from the denomination and he would not *withdraw,* as many said he ought to, for he thought the principle of freedom of speech in religion was involved. The association had several meetings over his case, at one of which he was present by special invitation. But he stoutly defended his course, until Bartol and Gannett and Chandler Robbins spoke some words in his favor, when he burst into tears and left the room. For with all his *severity* to his foes he could not resist friendship; and as Thomas Wentworth Higginson says, "The moment the adversary lowered his spear, were it for an inch or an instant, that moment Theodore Parker's weapons were down and his arms open. Make but the slightest concession, give him but the least excuse to love you, and never was there seen such promptness in pardoning." But though not driven from the denomination, the *coldness* remained. Agreements to exchange with him were cancelled on one excuse or another. Willingness to do it became a test of faith, says Frothingham, and church committees, discussing a candidate, used to ask whether he would exchange with Parker. But he went on with his work, and the opposition to him made him more widely known. Five or six men in Boston got him to deliver a course of five lectures there on religious questions, and these lectures fully reported in the New York *Tribune,* and afterward delivered in other places, were published in 1842 in a book called "A Discourse on Matters Pertaining to Religion," which had a wide circulation, and was on the whole his most *famous* book, though his most *scholarly* one was his translation of the German De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament," with learned notes and additions of his own, published in 1843. After the latter, worn down by his hard work and study, he went to Europe, and spent there perhaps

a busier year among libraries and learned men than any other American, before or since.

In 1844, he returned to his pulpit in Roxbury. But the old troubles remained. The ministers would have almost nothing to do with him, and Rev. J. T. Sargent, a good Boston missionary, who exchanged with him, was rebuked by the association for it, and allowed to resign. James Freeman Clarke did indeed exchange with him, not at all from agreement with his opinions, but as an act of Christian fellowship; but some of Mr. Clarke's congregation resented it, and it was either then or at some subsequent exchange that the good woman, greatly pleased with the *piety* of Parker's sermon, but not knowing who the preacher was, said with enthusiasm, "Oh, that Theodore Parker could have heard that sermon!"

But now, early in 1845, a company of Boston men, indignant at this effort to suppress him, met and quietly passed a resolution, "that the Reverend Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." It was not very easy to get a place for it; and he says "so low was our reputation that, though payment was offered in advance, of all the unoccupied halls in Boston only *one* could be hired for our purpose, but that was the largest and most central," the Melodeon. He began preaching there at once, though still supplying his pulpit at Roxbury, himself or by substitute, through 1845. In November of that year the new society was organized under the name of the Twenty-eighth Congregational, which was ever afterward so closely connected with his own. It continued to meet in the Melodeon until 1852, when the congregation had grown so large that it moved to the great Music Hall of Boston, where Parker preached henceforth until disease compelled him to leave in 1859, to die the year afterward. It is these fourteen years as preacher and pastor of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, in the Melodeon and Music Hall, that remain for us to notice this morning.

The Society was not exactly a church, in the narrow sense of that term. It, of course, had its business organization, though not a great deal of that; for the expenses were met by voluntary contributions, mostly from a few devoted friends, and the sittings were free, with not even a collection, except on a few Sundays for benevolent purposes. The expenses were indeed not great; for, as Mr. Frothingham says, "Mr. Parker was ever greedy of a *small* salary," and once made a special request that it be reduced from $2,000 to $1,600. The society had its benevolent committee, which was active for the poor, and for various reforms. It had a Saturday afternoon class for women, which was not particularly successful, and a Sunday-school, which was still less so, and thus lost some families from the society. It did not retain many of the old formalities of the church. Take this letter which Parker wrote in 1853 to our Samuel J. May, of Syracuse: "I hope you read the *Register* of last week and the account of the Annual Convention. What subjects for discussion! Have we a *Litany?* Shall we have one? Again, on what terms shall persons be admitted to the *Communion?* Dear me, what a world it is! Drunkenness all around us; covetousness eating out the heart of society; the Fugitive Slave bill making it incumbent on a man to send back his own mother to bondage; *ministers* with *kidnappers,* members of their churches, discussing a *litany* and the terms of admission to the Lord's Supper! Bless me! If the Nazarene were there at the Worcester Convention, I think he would have made a scourge of *large* cords, and let loose upon the assembly, till there was such a stampede among the brethren as one does not often see among the reverend clergy. Well, the age is leaving these old boys to their litanies, and their communions, and their miracles. What statesman, what philanthropist, what merchant (of any *head* at all), what man of science cares a pin for all this humbug? *Religion* rises early every morning and works all day. Good-bye. Theodore Parker. Please write to me as 'Mr.,' not 'Rev.' "

No, Parker did not care much for the old church forms. His Sunday services were simple. Says Frothingham: "He had no accessories of rite, symbol or ceremonial. He read the old Bible, but with great freedom, and he read other writings besides. Hymns were sung," but only the best, and Parker's reading of them was thought by some to be better than the singing. His prayers were very devout, for, though called an atheist, Parker had more consciousness of the Divine presence than almost any other preacher of any day; yet they were "without humiliation, superstition or the least recognition of dogma at beginning or end," human, tender; and one of his constant auditors who sat near him said, more than half the time in his prayers, I could see the tears running down his face before he was done. Parker said, "Channing used to say 'it would be a great thing to get *rid* of the long prayer in our churches';" but *he* wanted "the prayer of pious genius in its place," and others felt that he had that genius, to a degree unequaled among the preachers of his day.

Yet many of the great audience cared little for prayer, or scripture, or hymn, but came only for the sermon. Even that, however, was not in the usual pulpit manner. Parker had no oratorical tricks. He read his sermon from manuscript, except on rare occasions, or in some short interpolation now and then, although he had the extemporaneous gift, and once when the frozen snow on the roof of the hall slid off with a roar and crash, frightening the audience, just as he was saying, "Before the true man all obstacles will," he continued, "slide away like the ice from the slated roof," thus keeping his sense and quieting the panic at the same time. His reading, too, was not particularly good, or his delivery impressive. His clear eyes, says Frothingham, were concealed behind glasses, "and his countenance otherwise was not impressive. Neither was his figure imposing, nor his gesture fine, nor his action graceful. He moved but little as he spoke; his hand only occasionally rose and fell on the manuscript before him, but his person was motionless and his arm still. His audience were held by the spell of earnest thought alone, uttered in language so simple. . . . The style was never dry; the words were sinewy; the sentences short and pithy; the language was fragrant with the odor of the fields, and . . . passages of exquisite beauty bloomed on every page." "The sermons were grave, solid, seldom less than an hour in length, often more; and were crammed with thought. The preacher took the intelligence of his audience for granted, and often tasked it severely. To listen to him regularly was, indeed, a liberal education, not in theology, or even religion alone, but in politics, history, literature, science, art—everything that interested rational minds." His learning was immense; and Lowell, telling of the mass of it which he had at his command to refute and bewilder his adversaries, said:

> "He bangs and bethwacks them—their backs he salutes
> With the whole tree of knowledge torn up by the roots."

But there was always the man behind the learning and overmastering it. As Lowell said again,

"And this is what makes him the crowd-drawing preacher,
There's a background of God to each hardworking feature;
Every word that he speaks has been fierily furnaced
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest;
There he stands, looking more like a plowman than priest,
If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at least;
His gestures all downright and same, if you will,
As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a drill;
But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke,
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak.
You forget the man wholly, you're thankful to meet
With a preacher who smacks of the field and the street,
And to hear you're not overparticular whence,
Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's sense."

This native strength, sturdy sense, and naturalness, smacking of the street and the field, made him the crowd-drawing preacher. He was a great lover of Nature and continually illustrating religious truths by it. His was one of the first pulpits of the country to have flowers on it; and Mr. Chadwick says: "My earliest recollection of his name is in connection with the flowers upon his pulpit, instanced as one proof of his awful wickedness, flat paganism and no less." But the flowers were in his sermons still more than on his desk, blooming in thoughts of beauty and tenderness. Not, indeed, that he ever shrank from the most scathing rebukes of the sins and sinners of his day, or of the narrow doctrines of the church and the men who refuse to see the larger truth behind them. How he paints the bigot, who, he says, is "worshipping the knothole through which a dusty beam of light has looked in upon his darkness." He never ceased that warfare which we saw him proclaiming against the doctrinal system that "cramps the intellect and palsies the soul"; and Mr. Chadwick says that "those who thought he had done his worst against the popular theology came again the next Sunday to find that he had *not*." But this was, after all, but small part of his preaching. As A. D. Mayo said of one of his most censured works, "Its fragmentary denials were but the floating drift upon the deep, swift current of his mighty faith." Mr. Chadwick says that in all the hundreds of religious biographies he has read, "I have nowhere encountered in the modern world a man whose *religiousness* has seemed to me so complete"; "I do not know of any other man who *believed so much*, whose confidence was so robust, whose optimism was so undaunted" by the facts. He had the firmest faith in a living God, and the very doctrine which he put foremost in his preaching was what he called "the infinite perfection of God," against all those doctrines which had for centuries dishonored God. But that very faith gave him faith in human nature, too, and in natural religion. Though refusing to see anything supernatural in Jesus, and though never talking of him in what Channing called a "swollen way," no preacher has ever paid higher tributes to him, or shown more sympathy with his sufferings, and one of his auditors says that on two Easter Sundays, in attempting to read the story of Jesus' trial and crucifixion, "he could not get through, but, overcome by his emotion, had to sit down and give way to his tears." But this did not at all blind him to the divinity in other men and women, and to the highest religion in the humblest lives. What a passage is that, which I have never seen quoted, but which I find in that long and last discourse of his, written from Santa Cruz back to his society! Said he: "The effort after nobleness of character is ever the same, clad in whatever dress. The black washerwoman, on Negro Hill, as, with a frowsy broom, a mop, and a tub or two, she keeps the wolf away from her unfathered babies, all fugitives from slavery, and thence looks up to that God whom she so feels within her, a very present help in her hour of need, which is her every hour, to me seems as grand as Paul preaching on Mars Hill to the Athenian senators, not less glorious than *Jesus of Nazareth* on his mountain, uttering blessed beatitudes to those thousands. It is the same great problem of duty which is to be wrought out by all, huckster, merchant, harlot, minister, poet, orator, Princess Eugenie and Bridget, and it is not of such future consequence to us, as men fancy, whether the tools of our work be a warehouse or a basket, a mop or a cross, for the Divine justice asks the same question of each, What hast thou done with thy gifts and opportunities?"

So great a mind and soul and heart had Theodore Parker. Too great, indeed, for me to tell of in a single sermon. And having thus given a sort of framework of his life, I intend next Sunday to try to fill it in, and to tell more of the life itself, of his brave and loving words and deeds, not only as preacher, but as pastor, lecturer, writer and leader in the various reforms by which he became such a power in our national history. I shall try to show how he justified that lofty praise which Emerson spoke at the news of his death in Florence, connecting him, as Shelly did the poet, not only with the spirit that works for the progress of men, but with the very power and purpose of Nature. For, said Emerson, "The nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke;" "the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets." "The sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses and the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graces, rot and are forgotten, with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of men." I shall try to show how Parker justified this tribute in that long warfare which he waged, against such men and in such numbers, quite as heroic as that historic grandfather who led his little company at Lexington to duty and to death.

The White Bell-Mare

Across the plains I see them sweep,
  Against the ebbing light.
The pace they keep they still will keep
  At silent noon of night:
A fleet foot rules the caravan,
And sets the pace for beast and man!

The bell-mare takes the dusty road,
  No rowel pricks her side;
She knows no rein, she owns no goad,
  Save in her mettled pride.
The steeds that follow need no scourge,
So well they feel her vanward urge!

For her is neither leash nor check,
  She keeps the pace she will!
A single bell about her neck
  Sounds sweet, when all is still—
When all is still, and night is deep;
And they that ride, ride half asleep!

She sets the pace—that leader fleet;
  The rest, they but pursue.
They have their fate from her swift feet,
  Yet fate o'errules her, too;
For 'tis the *pace*—the *pace*—the *pace*
Controls her fleet and snowy grace!

They vanish on the glimmering plain,
  Beneath the western verge.
And all our life is like that train,
  That heeds a vanward urge:
We deem we travel as we will—
But 'tis the *pace* controls us still!

—*Edith M. Thomas, from Everybody's.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Chicago Charter Election.

As these words are written, Chicago is on the eve of deciding whether to accept or reject a new city charter. The campaign has been an exceedingly active one, most of the elements which placed Mr. Busse in the Mayor's chair standing for the charter on the ground that it will enable the city to acquire, by bonding, the funds necessary for many needed improvements. The opposition has come from those who dread increased taxes; those who are afraid to see such admirable systems as that of the South Side parks come under control of politicians; those who dislike to see added powers of appointment and removal given to the Mayor, and those who resent the action of the Legislature in refusing to grant direct primaries. Machine Democrats are disgruntled over the new ward boundaries, which will operate against their party. But the loudest voice has been that of the so-called United Societies, who are incensed because the Legislature refused to submit the question of Sunday closing of saloons to the people of the city. Their agitation is the direct outcome of the ill-advised demand of certain ministers some time ago for the enforcement by the Mayor of the Sunday closing law. Whether these various influences succeed in defeating the charter will be known to our readers by the time this meets their eyes.

A Triumph of Public Sentiment.

So universal and so vigorous was the protest of citizens of Chicago against the proposed telephone franchise that the committee of the City Council were compelled to relinquish their intention of attempting to force it through that body before the adoption of a new charter should make a referendum inevitable.

Union Traction Matters.

A decision from the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has set aside Judge Grosscup's attempt to legalize the forced agreement among the Union Traction interests and thrown the whole matter into confusion again. The receiver has obtained an extension of 140 days from the City Council, agreeing in the meantime to default on all interest to bondholders and apply the net earnings of the company to rehabilitation. The effect of it all is to retard in a most exasperating way the greatly needed improvements in service in the congested portions of the North and West Sides. On the South Side the City Railway Company, unembarrassed by such complications, is making good headway in rebuilding the tracks.

The Lusitania.

The most interesting thing about the maiden trip of the big Cunarder was the way in which her progress across the Atlantic could be followed at almost every step by the wireless telegraph. It is clear that as soon as her machinery has worn off its newness the breaking of records will be an easy matter.

Cook County Jail.

The Chicago papers have been exposing a disgraceful condition of things at the jail under the jailer who succeeded Mr. Whitman. The Republican machine put in as Sheriff a man who saw in the jailer's office nothing but a political job, and proceeded to fill it accordingly, besides going into the grocery business with a view to selling supplies to the jail. Additional details of graft and demoralization at the jail are coming out almost every day. The disgrace should be laid directly where it belongs, upon the shoulders of the Republican organization of Cook County, which is responsible for the Sheriff and all his appointments.

Two-Cent Fares Illegal in Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania Court of Common Pleas has pronounced the two-cent fare law, just passed by the legislature, to be unconstitutional, on the ground that it lays too heavy a burden upon the railroads. The decision enhances the prestige of Governor Hughes, who was wise enough to compel the New York Legislature to look before it leaped.

Chicago Police Baffled.

The Chicago police have made a disgraceful failure to apprehend any of the parties responsible for several recent bomb-throwings, which appear to have had their origin in some feud among the members of the gambling fraternity. A newspaper statement to the effect that the police know to what particular gang of toughs the bomb-throwers belong, but has consented to call off their dogs on the understanding that the offence should not be repeated, has called forth an official denial, but raises some interesting questions as to the relations of the police with criminals.

Presidential Prospects.

The Chicago *Tribune* is conducting an extensive canvass among prominent Republican editors and politicians to learn their present preferences in the matter of presidential candidates. As was expected, Taft has an overwhelming majority as first choice, but the surprising thing is the strength which Hughes develops as a second choice.

Trolley Development.

The question of the regulation of trolley lines, both urban and interurban, was the center of interest at the recent conference of Illinois mayors, and there was a general demand for a state commission on lines resembling that secured by Governor Hughes for New York state.

Religious Matters.

The Illinois convention of Disciples has shown its appreciation of a brilliant man as well as its toleration of religious progress, by electing as president Prof. Herbert L. Willett, of Chicago University.——Dr. Torrey is to begin a big revival effort on old-fashioned dogmatic lines on the North Side in Chicago. A tent seating 5,000 people will be used. The movement is backed by a committee of laymen. W. B. T.

Who Owns the Farm?

We bought the house and the apple trees,
And the spring where the cresses grew;
The old stone wall and the slope of grass
All studded with violets blue.

We bought and paid for them honestly,
In the usual business way;
'Twas settled, we thought, yet there are some
Who dispute our title each day.

A phoebe came to the eastern porch,
Where I loitered one sunny day,
And told me that porch was hers, not mine,
Just as plainly as bird could say.

That she didn't want me prying there
Into all her family affairs,
And asked me by pert little gestures,
If I had no family cares.

The vireo perched high above me,
In the great branching apple tree,
And said: "I am here, I'm here, I'm here,"
As though 'twere important to me.

And then he most saucily asked me,
"Who are you?" in such an odd way
That I felt quite like an intruder,
And I hadn't a word to say.

A pair of robins have made their home
In that very same apple tree,
And they plainly tell me every day
That they don't care a straw for me.

And a pair of chippies think the limbs
Are exactly the proper height;
They've been looking round some time, I know,
For a suitable building site.

What right have we in this place, think you,
When the crows make free with our corn,
And the brown thrush says "good-by" each night,
And the blue jays calls us at morn?

The chimney belongs to the swallows,
The piazzi's owned by the wren;
We'll take care to see our title's clear,
When we purchase a farm again.

—*Kate M. Post.*

It is the law of nature to fight for bread, for the necessities. . . . Never has hunger driven man to such baseness as have envy, avarice, and thirst for pleasure.—*Charles Wagner.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—To learn to become indifferent to the aspersions of injustice one must first learn to be just to others.

MON.—The salvation of humanity can come only through the exaltation of the individual.

TUES.—He whose mind is stayed on Truth sleeps in peace and toils without care.

WED.—The characteristic mental attitude is the real creator of the character. The man is cast in the mold of his thoughts.

THURS.—The ideal of the individual can never be attained save through the exaltation of the race.

FRI.—Hate slays not the victim for whom 'tis conjured, but the conjurer.

SAT.—The prompting of a heart impelled by love is as a bond of Nature that makes all worlds one.

—*Henry Frank.*

Physicians and Their Fees

One of the most curious fees I remember to have read of was recorded in a queer little journal written and published before the war by some country doctor in Arkansas, a copy of which I picked up in a second-hand bookstore years ago.

The entry ran:

Rode on horseback thirty miles last night in the storm over a bad road; mired twice. Old Mrs. Turner very sick. Sam Turner gave me a black shoat in pay, and I toted him back behind me.

I have often smiled when I have thought of that ride through the Arkansas roads, so bad that the doctor was mired twice, and then of the scene when the fee was given. If the "black shoat" was alive at the time of the gift, it must have made the ride home anything but monotonous.

Strangely enough, something like payment in produce may be found in the practice of the greatest physicians and surgeons, for when a doctor has attended a king or a queen, or one of a royal family, it has been the custom from time immemorial to reward him partly in rank. For example, take the case of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie:

Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia and heir to the imperial throne of Germany, was suffering from an incurable disease. His father, the Emperior William, was very old, and it was known that he had not long to live. If he survived his son, then that son's wife, born the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, would be simply the dowager crown princess; but if Frederick lived to be emperor, then his widow would be dowager empress.

The rank of a dowager empress would not only be much higher rank, but it would give her a greater allowance—a higher salary, so to speak. Nor is this all. As emperor, Frederick could do far more for his younger children than he could as crown prince. It is easy to see why it was so important that he should survive his father. Of course the love that his wife and children bore him was the most important element of all in their wish to prolong his existence.

On the other hand, it has been alleged that there existed in the German court a party so hostile to the crown princess that they hoped her husband would die before his aged father. But this party was disappointed. The disease of the crown prince was cancer of the throat, and Dr. Morell Mackenzie, of London, stood at the head of all throat specialists in Europe. He was sent for, and the work of keeping the crown prince alive as long as possible was given him.

There is a certain grim humor about the picture of these two men, the emperor and his son, each certain to die soon, and each in the hands of men whose main object was to prolong the life of the patient.

Doctor Mackenzie won, and then came the question of his fee. He had done much, very much, for Queen Victoria's daughter; nor were any of the family ungrateful.

He received, it is said, one hundred thousand dollars in cash and the title of baronet. Nor was the latter reward the smaller. Great as had been the practice of Doctor Mackenzie before, it was larger afterward, and he could charge larger fees.

When the Prince of Wales was sick at Sandringham, his physician, Sir William Gull, received for four weeks' attendance fifty thousand dollars and the title of baronet. Pretty good pay—twelve thousand five hundred dollars a week, more than seventeen hundred and eighty-five dollars per day!

"What," exclaimed a man who got a bill from a surgeon for one thousand dollars for the amputation of a leg, "one thousand dollars for half an hour's work? Why, I never heard of such a charge!"

"No," said the surgeon, coolly, "of course not. For the half-hour's work, five dollars; for the 'know how,' nine hundred and ninety-five."

La Peyronie, the physician who attended Louis XV of France, received a fee which much exceeds these. The king gave him an estate comprising five villages and two hundred and seven farms, which produced a yearly income equal in purchasing power to thirty-one thousand dollars in our money. His majesty had only a slight fever.—*Cyrus Edson, M. D.*

The Knight of the Wheel

It was near the close of a wild October afternoon. For several hours the Mississippi river had been a waste of tossing whitecaps. As the sun sank the gale abated somewhat, but the landing at the little Illinois town was still a dreary, wind-swept spot.

The small ferry boat which plied between the shores of the two states, Iowa and Illinois, was many rods from shore, when the captain at the wheel rang the bell to return to the Illinois landing.

"What is the matter?" asked a passenger.

"Oh!" replied another passenger who sat in full view of the shore, "there's a woman at the landing, and he's going back after her."

"Going back for five cents!" exclaimed another passenger impatiently.

"No, madam," said the captain politely, as he climbed down from his post, "it isn't the five cents, for I must have had that in any case, as this is the only ferry boat touching here, and I reckon the lady must get across tonight. But, you see, it's almost dark and I don't like to think of a lady waiting on that lonely bank all the while I am going across the river and back again."

Could the "age of chivalry" have produced a finer knighthood? As the plain little man carried the child up the shaking gang-plank, and then went back after the mother, the hardest and most indifferent face in that little company grew tenderly interested at the simple incident.

"Even in this commercial twentieth century there now and then blooms a deed of pure unselfishness," whispered a passenger, while a murmur of assent ran around the group. CLARA J. DENTON.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Prison or Parole

BY JUDGE MCKENZIE CLELAND.

When, upon the organization of the Municipal Court of Chicago, in December last, I was, by reason of a series of unforeseen circumstances, assigned temporarily to the criminal branch, in which line of practice I had little experience, and by an equally unforeseen occurrence, required to remain for a much longer period than anticipated, I was given an opportunity of inaugurating and pursuing the plan which I have been asked to explain, of paroling adult offenders who were led to commit crime because of their evil habits or surroundings, which were capable of being removed or corrected. The necessity of some such plan was first suggested to me in the case of married men who had violated the law while under the influence of liquor.

It appeared to me that to impose a fine upon such persons was most illogical, and would, in many cases, work a greater hardship upon their wives and children than upon the offenders themselves, for if the fine were paid, the wife and children would be deprived of necessaries, while if the fine could not be paid and the defendant went to the House of Correction to work it out at the rate of 50 cents per day, he would not be made better and his family would be deprived of their means of support.

It also appeared to me to be only fair that the law, after having enabled an otherwise good man to get drunk and commit crime, should be willing to assist him to stop drinking and become again a law-abiding citizen.

I therefore adopted the method of continuing such cases from week to week, upon the defendant promising that he would stop drinking and would take care of his family.

Such a large number of these defendants made good on their promises that I finally continued all such cases to a night session so as to avoid the necessity for men who were at work losing their time by coming in during the day. To this night session I invited about 100 business men living in the district, and they were present during the session.

At the close of the session I explained my plan to the business men present and invited them to assist the court by becoming parole officers, without pay. This they all consented to do, and agreed to call upon such persons as might be assigned to them at least once each month, and report to the court whether or not they were behaving themselves and keeping their promise. This plan has been of the greatest benefit, not only to the offenders, but to the community, in that it has brought good men in close personal contact with their unfortunate brothers. Our voluntary parole officers now number about 200.

From what little experience I have gained I am quite willing to believe that many men are criminals, not from choice, but from what seems to them the lack of choice. Unfortunately when a man or woman commits crime or is convicted of crime, there appears to be no encouragement except to continue to be a criminal. Too many men regard such a person as incorrigible, whereas, a little encouragement and sympathy would transform him.—*From The Hamiltonian, August, 1907.*

A congressional committee went to Portland, Oregon, to assist in the opening of the exposition on June 1 last. There was a parade in the morning, in which all the visiting statesmen rode in carriages. The local committee brought the carriages around to the Portland hotel. The scheme was to have two senators or representatives and two local men in each carriage. After the vice-president and his party had been sent away, a Portland notable, who was acting as a majordomo, came into the lobby of the hotel, where the statesmen were waiting and bawled: "Two congressmen and two gentlemen, please!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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